may be erected in its place? It is One's (the king's) wish to see it beautiful!

O you scribe, so alert and competent that there is nothing at all of which you are ignorant, who blazes in the darkness at the head of the troops and illumines for them, you are dispatched on a mission to Djahy (Syro-Palestine) at the head of the victorious army in order to crush those rebels who are called Naarin-warriors. The host of soldiers that is under your charge comprises 1,900 men (Egyptians), 520 Sherden, 1,600 Kehek, [100] Meshwesh and 880 Nubians, a total of 5,000 all told, apart from their captains. There are brought to you bonus rations into your presence: bread, sheep and goats, and wine. The number of men is too large for you, and the foodstuff is insufficient for them: only 300 sweet loaves, 1,800 cakes, 120 assorted goats and sheep, and 30 jugs of wine. The army is so numerous that the foodstuff has been underestimated as though you had pilfered from it. You receive it in charge to be deposited in the camp. The troops are prepared and ready, so divide it quickly into portions, each man's share into his hands. The Shasu-Beduin are watching furtively. *O Sopher yodea,*[10] midday is come, and the camp is hot. One says, "It's time to move on." Don't make the troop marshaler angry. We still have a long march ahead of us. What bread do we have at all? Our night camp is far away. O What's-your-name?, what's the sense of scourging us so, when you are supposed to be an expert scribe? It is only after six(?) hours have elapsed in the day that you proceed to distribute the provisions through want of a scribe from the Ruler, l.p.h. Getting you to scourge us, that's not good! Mose[11] shall learn of it and send to do away with you.

Your letter abounds in sarcasm and is overburdened with grandiose words. See, I will requite you with such as they deserve, for you have piled them on just as you pleased. "I am a soldier-scribe," so you did retort. If there is truth in what you have said, come outside in order that you may be tested.

There is harnessed for you a span of horses, swift as a leopard, whose ears are red, and which are like a storm-wind when they burst forth. You let go of the reins and pick up the bow. We will see what your hands can achieve! I will explain to you the way of a Maher-warrior and show you what he has to do.

You have not journeyed to the land of Khatti nor have you visited the land of Upe. As for Khadum, you do [not] know its topography, nor that of Yagadiya either. What is the Simyra of Sese, l.p.h.,[12] like? In which direction from it lies the city of Aleppo? What is its river like? You have not had occasion to set out for Kadesh and Tubikhi, nor have you gone with the host of soldiers to "Spring of the Shasu-Beduin." You have not trodden the road to Magara, where the sky is dark by day. It is overgrown with junipers and oaks, and pine trees reach the sky. Lions are more abundant than leopards and bears, while it is hemmed in on all sides by Shasu-Beduin. You have not climbed Mount Shawe barefoot with your hands placed upon your legs and your chariot lashed with ropes while your horses are tugging.

O come and visit [I]birta(?). You panic [at] the prospect of climbing it after

you have crossed its river for it (the climb). You experience how it feels to be a Maher-warrior with your chariot placed on your shoulder. Your aide is exhausted. When at last you quit in the evening, your whole body is crushed and battered, and your limbs are bruised. You get lost in sleep. You wake up when it is time to move on in the too-short night, being alone to harness up, for no colleague comes to (assist) another. The vagabond band has penetrated the camp, and the horses have been cut loose. The [. . .] has withdrawn by night, and your clothes have been stolen. Your groom awoke during the night and realized what he must do. He has taken what was left and has joined up with those who are wicked. He consorts with the Shasu-Beduin tribes and assumes the guise of an Asiatic. The enemy comes furtively to pillage, and they find you torpid. You awake but can find no trace of them. They have carried off your possessions. So you have become a fully outfitted Maher-warrior if you have been attentive!

I will recount to you another remote city which is called Byblos. What is it like? And its goddess?[13] Once again [you] have not set foot in it. Please inform me about Beirut, about Sidon, and Sarepta. Where is the river Litani? What is Usu (Old Tyre on the mainland) like? They speak of another city in the sea the name of which is Tyre-of-the-Harbor. Water is taken over to it in scows, and it is richer in fish than in sand.

I will mention to you another difficulty: "The Pass of the Hornets" (the Ladder of Tyre). You will say that it burns more than a (hornet's) sting. How miserable he is, a Maher-warrior! Come and put [me] on the road heading south to the region of Acco. Where does the route to Achshaph originate? Next to which city? Please inform me about the mountain of User. What is its summit like? Where does the mountain of Shechem rise? Who can conquer it? The Maher-warrior, where does he march to get to Hazor? What is its river like? Put me [on] the highway to Hamath, Dagal, and Dagal-El, the promenade of every Maher-warrior. Please instruct me about his route and let me visit Yan. If someone is traveling to Adumim, in which direction should he head? Do not falter from your teaching. Guide us to know them (the places)!

Come and I will tell you of other cities which lie above these. You have not gone to the land of Takhsy, to Kur-Marruna, Taminta, Kadesh, Dapur, Azaya, or Hermon. You have not visited Kiriath-Anab and Beth-Sopher. You are not acquainted with Adurun or Sidiputu either. You do not know the name of Khalsu, which is in the land of Upe, a bull on its frontier and the battle scene of all sorts of champions. Please instruct me about the topography of Kina, acquaint me with Rehob, and explain Bethshan and Tirek-El. As for the river Jordan, how can it be crossed? Inform me of the pass to Megiddo, which lies above it.

You are a Maher-warrior who is experienced in heroic deeds. A Maher-warrior such as yourself should be found qualified to advance at the head of an army. O Maryan-warrior, forward to shoot! See, the declivity(?) is a ravine

2,000 cubits deep, filled with boulders and small stones, so you make a detour. You pick up the bow and draw to your left that you might let the chiefs see, but their vision is perfect and weakness is discerned(?) in your hands. "You wander about like a sheep, dear Maher-soldier!" Thus you celebrate the name of every Maher-warrior, Egypt's chariot officers. Your name has become like that of Kezardy, the prince of Asher, when the bear found him in the balsam tree.

The narrow pass is dangerous, having Shasu-Beduin concealed beneath the bushes, some of whom are of four cubits or five cubits (from) their nose to foot and have fierce faces. They are unfriendly and do not take to cajolery while you are alone having no aide with you nor soldiery backing you up. You find no scout to prepare safe passage for you. You reach a decision by forging ahead ignorant of the road. Such bristling fright grips you that (the hair of) your head is ruffled. Your *Ba* lies in your hands. Your path is filled with boulders and small stones without a toe hold for passage as it is overgrown with reeds and thorns, brambles, and "wolf's-paw." The declivities lie to one side of you, and the mountain rises on the other side of you. With your chariot lying on its side, you move along swerving to and fro too afraid to pursue your horses. If they are thrown toward the abyss, your horse collar is left exposed and your harness(?) falls. You unharness the team in order to repair the horse collar in the middle of the narrow pass, but you are inexperienced in how to lash it and cannot tie it fast. The clamp(?) is left where it is, for the team is too overburdened to support it. You are disgusted and get set to trot off. The sky is now clear, but you imagine that the enemy is behind you, and trembling grips you. If only you had a hedge of shrubbery to put on the other side! The team is exhausted by the time you locate a camping spot. You have undergone a miserable experience.

You have now entered Joppa and find the meadowland verdant in its season. You force your way in because of appetite and encounter the beautiful maiden who is tending the vineyards. She allures you to herself to be a partner (in love) and surrenders to you the flesh of her bosom. You are recognized as soon as you have uttered advice.[14] So judgment is rendered against a Maher-warrior, and you must sell your tunic of fine thin linen.

Tell me how you can go to sleep each evening with only a piece of sackcloth over you. You slumber only because you are so exhausted. A poltroon(?) takes away your bow, your girdle-dagger, and your pair of quivers. Your reins have been severed in the darkness, and your team goes off picking up speed(?) over the slippery terrain as the road extends ahead of it. It smashes your chariot and makes [. . .] your leather canteens fall to the ground and are buried in the sand. They become part of the dry earth. Your aide begs for bread(?) for your mouth, "Now that I have safely arrived, you people should give a bit of food and water." But they play deaf and do not hearken. They take no notice of your accounts.

If only you could enter inside the armory with workshops surrounding

you and carpenters and leather workers in your vicinity, they would do all that you desire. They would take care of your chariot so that it would cease to be inoperative. Your chariot pole would be retrimmed and its supports(?) installed. They would attach leather straps to your horse collar and . . . and furnish your yoke. They would mount your chariot case, which has burin engraving, [on] the frames. They would attach a pommel to your whip and fasten a lash [to] it. You would then go quickly forth to fight on the battle-field in order to perform heroic deeds.

O What's-your-name?, you elite scribe and Maher-warrior, who know how to use your hands, a leader of Naarin-troops at the head of the soldiery, I have described to you the hill countries of the northern reaches of the land of Canaan, but you have not answered me in any way nor have you rendered a report to me. Come, and [I] will describe [ma]ny things [to] you. Head toward(?) the fortress of the Way[s of Horus].[15] I begin for you with the Dwelling of Sese, l.p.h. You have not set foot in it at all. You have not eaten fish from [its pool(?)] nor bathed in it. O that I might recall to you Husayin. Whereabouts is its fortress? Come now to the region of Edjo of Sese, l.p.h., into its stronghold of Usermare, l.p.h., and [to] Seba-El and Ibesgeb. I will describe to you the appearance of Aiyanin.[16] You are not acquainted with its location. As for Nekhes and Heberet,[17] you have not visited them since your birth. You Maher-warrior, where is Raphia? What is its enclosure wall like? How many miles march is it to Gaza? Answer quickly! Render a report to me that I may call you a Maher-warrior and boast of your name to others. "He is a Maryan-warrior," so I shall tell them.

You have become angry over my having told you that I am versed in every calling. My father taught me what he knew and gave instruction so many times that I am able to hold the reins even more skillfully than you. There is no champion who can even match me, for I am initiated in the ordinances of Montu.[18] How slanderous is all that issues from your tongue! How feeble your sentences are! It is wrapped up in confusion and laden with errors that you have come to me. You split words apart in charging straight ahead and are not loath to grope (for words). Be energetic! Forward! Hurry on! You shall not fall! What is it like for one to be ignorant of what he has attained? And what will the outcome of this be? I shall back off now that I have reached the end. Submit yourself! Control your emotions with a composed mind. Don't get in a huff, rushing because of appetite(?). I have cut short for you the end of your letter and have answered you what you have said. Your discourses are collected on my tongue and remain fixed on my lips, for they are so confused when heard that no interpreter can unravel them. They are like a Delta man's conversation with a man of Elephantine.[19]

Yet you are a scribe of the Great Double Portal who reports the affairs of the Two Lands, so comely and handsome [to] one who observes this that you should not say that I have made your name reek before foreigners and all. See, I have described to you the way of a Maher-warrior and traveled